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SANCTUM TALKS.

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Why, good morning, Mr. Hanna. You are welcome. I suppose I ought to—"

"Congratulate me. Thanks. It is, however, a big responsibility to—"

"Run this Government. Of course it is, Mr. Hanna. But you must remember that you have friends."

"True, true."

"Good friends, too. Friends who will stand by you. Barrels of friends, Mr. Hanna, and also friends with barrels. Besides, there's Major McKinley. He'll be a great help, no doubt. He—"

"Oh, yes, the Major is all right. He has already made several suggestions which I am considering favorably."

"Still, there is always more or less worry. The tariff, for instance."

"Exactly. What do you think? Is it advisable to—"

"Well, hardly, Mr. Hanna. You see your victory

wasn't so altogether overwhelming that you can now afford to—"

"Gloat over it, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Or revel?"

"Precisely."

"We must go slow, you mean?"

"Yes. I want you to make a record, Marcus, and that is my advice."

"Well, you may be right. Still, it's hard to—"

"I know it, but you must, you know. Otherwise—"

"I can't count on you?"

"Never!"

"Well, good morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Mark. Always glad to see you."

A HIGH EXAMPLE.

WILLIE: I should think you would be ashamed to have your mother put you to bed.

BOBBIE: I don't know why I should. She does the same thing to father.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER 19, 1896. No. 725.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
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THE Board of Health of New York has requested its Sanitary Committee to consider the propriety of an ordinance requiring that dogs be kept upon and within the premises of their owners, and forbidding them to run at large in the streets or on the sidewalks, or to be led in any public street without a permit from the Board. Inasmuch as the Board's Sanitary Committee may be imperfectly acquainted with canine habits, LIFE hastens to assure it that the ordinance suggested is unfit for its approval. Too sedentary a life is not good for dogs, and to rule them off the street would be to cause them discomfort, and in many cases ill-health, and to distress and embarrass their owners.



IF the case concerned cats it would make much less difference, as every one knows that cats, from preference, take most of their air and exercise in back yards, along division fences and on the roofs of buildings. But dogs are not adapted to roof-life (as the Board of Health's Committee may easily ascertain by inquiry, or even by observation), and to shut them out of the streets would be practically to turn them out of town. Many of them, if they should have to go, would take their owners along with them, which would result in a loss of population, and incidentally of trade, to the city.

The complaints about dogs which are understood to have instigated the Board of Health's resolution, allege that they are not in all respects nice in their habits in the street. But what of that? People who spit on the sidewalks are not nice in their habits, either, but it has not as yet been proposed to turn them out of town! Of course the dogs will stay. The Board of Health

probably realizes that a city whose streets were kept absolutely undefiled would be too nice for either man or beast, and that a city might even have somewhat too many dogs in it, and still be much pleasanter to live in than a city with too many regulations.

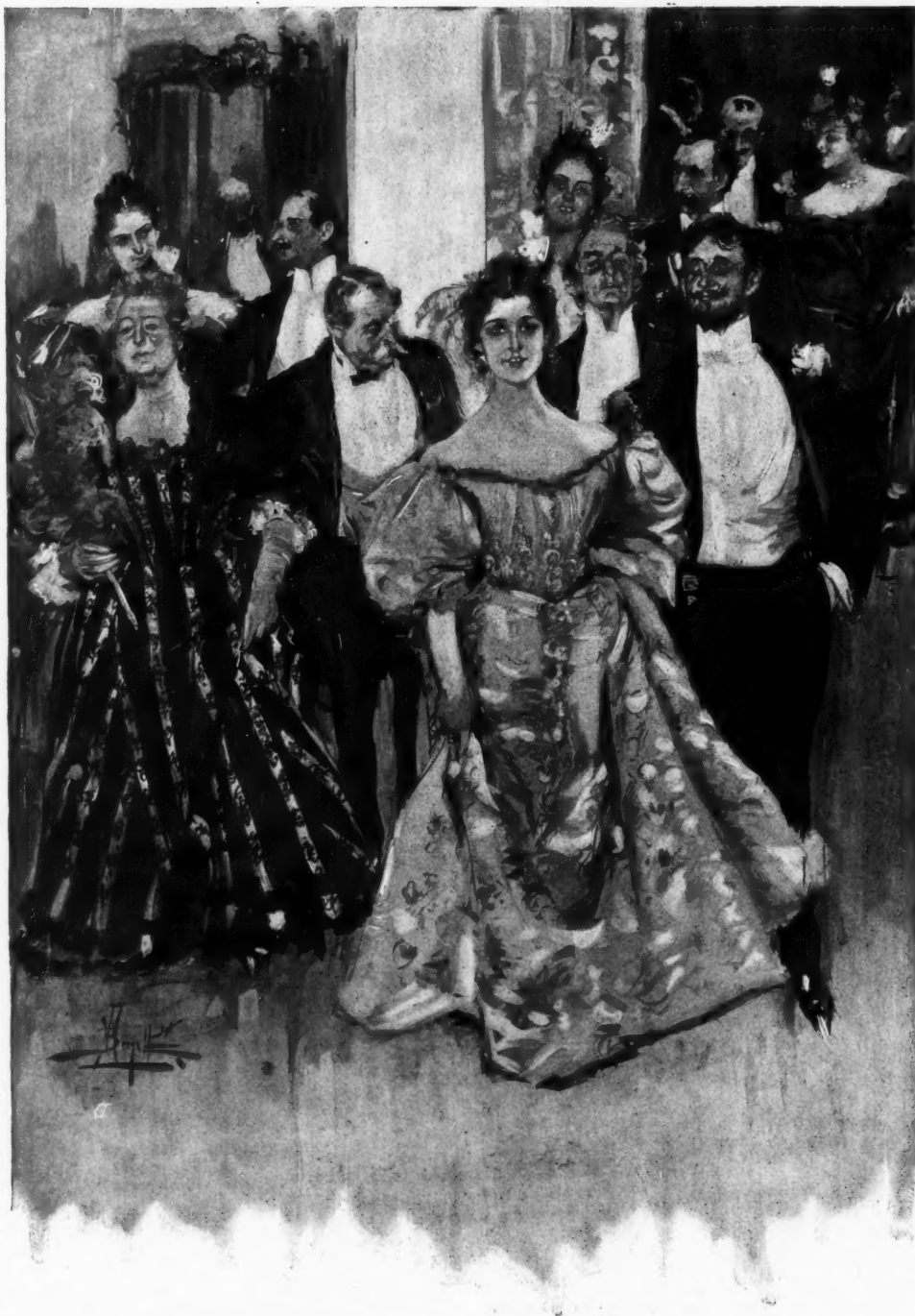


THE newspaper business in New York tends just now to be classified under two great divisions. There are newspapers for people who think and newspapers for people who don't think; papers for people who want to be informed, and papers for people who want to be startled; papers for people who want the news of the world, and papers for people who want sensations; papers for people who have not time to read rubbish, and papers for people who will buy and read anything that is cheap.

It would seem, from the apparent circulations of the *Journal* and the *World*, that an enormous number of people will pay one cent for a paper who won't pay two; that vast numbers of people estimate the value of a newspaper more by its size than its contents; that great numbers of people read newspapers rather to prevent thought than to promote it, and that the majority of readers prefer sensation to properly digested news, and would rather take their sensation in pictorial form than be at the pains to spell it out. The class of readers which the big one-cent papers catch nowadays must include nearly all of the class that used to feed its mind almost exclusively on story papers and dime novels.



IF the makers of cheap papers like their business and can find a profit in it, there is no hope of luring them to better things. It is surprising, though, that they should like it, for to be a purveyor of slop and sensation for people who don't want to think, would seem to be as tiresome a job as an intelligent man could well undertake. Yet Mr. Pulitzer is certainly intelligent, and probably Mr. Hearst is also; and both of them are rich. That they should find a pleasure in publishing the *World* and the *Journal* is really about as strange as if they took pleasure in driving garbage carts. One can understand a man's pleasure in coaching, even though it may be hard work; but why any person not under acute stress of penury should find satisfaction in collecting garbage passes ordinary understanding.



Rising Journalist: YOU ARE HARD ON US. SOME REPORTERS ARE GENTLEMEN.
"YES, BUT I WAS SPEAKING OF THE SUCCESSFUL ONES."

ASHES.

OH, throbbing pain,
That grips my heart with death-
like clutch;
It goes, and then it comes again
With stronger hold,
As if Death's hand did life enfold
With knowing touch!
Must I give up? Then joy were slain,
Then nothing left to me but woe
And life unsolaced! Ah! 'Tis so—
I smoke too much!

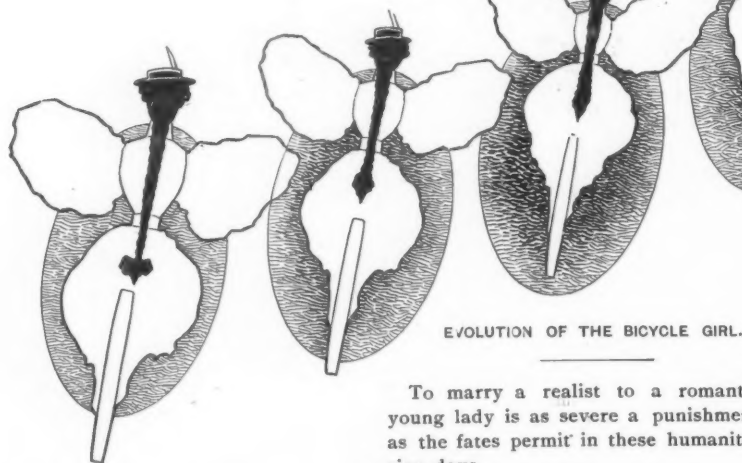
Wood Levette Wilson.

"THE King of the Cannibal Islands had a letter held for postage, and got mad and roasted the postmaster. What time was it?"
"Give it up."
"Ate P. M."



"SINGING NONSENSE."

TO write clever nonsense is a difficult art. A dignified subject, a master passion, or a question in dispute, will



EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE GIRL.

To marry a realist to a romantic young lady is as severe a punishment as the fates permit in these humanitarian days.

often carry to success indifferent writing. But nothing will float nonsense except a craft constructed with skill on graceful lines.

Very few comic opera libretti, except Gilbert's, will bear reading. It takes lime-light, scenery, and a bedizened chorus to carry off the doggerel.

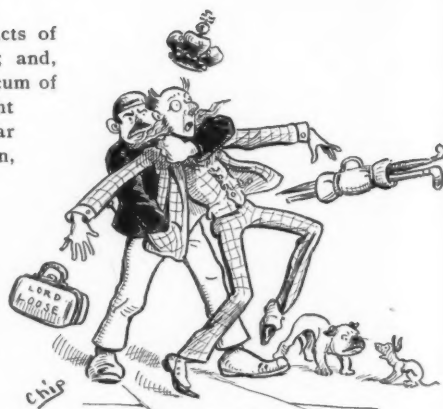
Miss Merington was trying a risky experiment when she printed "Daphne"

(Century Co.)—described as "Three Acts of Singing Nonsense." It is nonsense; and, moreover, it sings. A man with a modicum of stage imagination can read it with delight and fancy certain favorites in the star parts. It is good fun, gracefully written, and two or three of the lyrics could call themselves poetry without offense.

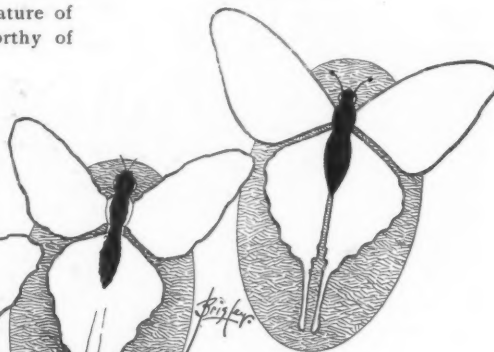
* * *

MR. BANGS has an excellent lot of extravagant ideas in store as germs for eccentric stories. That is what made his *Idiot* a popular young man. He looked at things in an original way. In "A Rebellious Heroine" (Harper's) the author has sprung another surprise on his public. A heroine who refuses to be at the beck and call of a realistic novelist, and runs the story to suit herself on romantic lines, is a creature of enough originality to be worthy of wedding the *Idiot* himself.

Mr. Bangs, however, with more poetic justice, marries her to the realist whose plot she spoiled.



"SEARCHING A TITLE."



off the beaten track of travel, down the coast of Istria to Dalmatia. The chapter on Montenegro is one of the most picturesque in the book.

Those who take the winter Mediterranean trip will find the latter half of the book full of information and graphic description about Constantinople, Smyrna, Damascus, Egypt and the Nile.

The illustrations are very abundant and beautiful, most of them from the author's own photographs.

* * *

ANOTHER indispensable volume for the European traveler is Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Venice" (Harper's), which shows the same careful research, accurate observation and description, and graceful style, that have made his books about Literary Landmarks in London, Edinburgh and Jerusalem accepted authorities, as well as pleasant to read.

Droch.



HIS EXPERIENCE.

She: IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE THING TO BE PARALYZED.
 "IT IS. YOU FEEL SO MEAN THE NEXT MORNING."

AN EARLY START.

"AREN'T you giving your boy dancing lessons at a very young age?"
 "But we intend him for the army."

THE following letter seems worthy of a place in LIFE's columns, as a frank expression from a Boston girl is usually a matter of some interest:

DEAR LIFE:

Here is an extract from the letter of a Boston maiden, describing the mural decorations of Puvis de Chavannes in the "Public Library":

"Some say the pictures are the crowning effort of his life, others criticise the drawing severely. I believe they are great, but don't care for the figures representing 'Chemistry,' which seem a little French and undignified.

An unclothed woman and two or three charming cherubs are intently watching a retort in which some experiment is being tried. The French title for the picture, '*Chimie*,' seems to suggest the vital need of all the figures in it! Our climate is not favorable to the pursuit of chemistry in the costume of Eden." Yours truly, A. B.

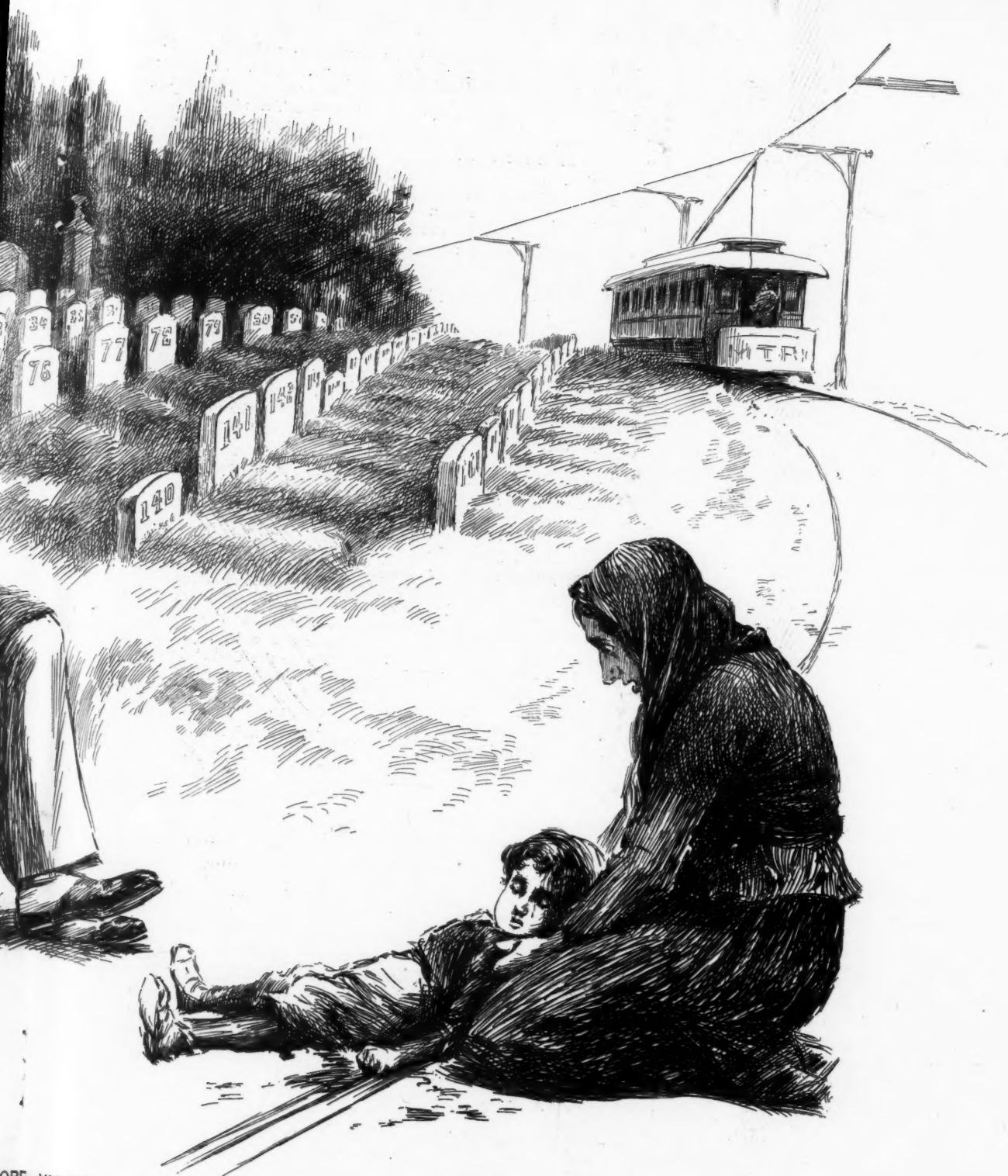
THERE seems to be timeliness as well as benevolence in the suggestion that ladies who are availing themselves of the result of scientific inquiry to give their tresses the fashionable reddish tinge leave their work incomplete, and produce a defective illusion, when they omit to punctuate their complexions with a due equipment of freckles. Nature invariably puts up freckles and red hair in the same package. The art that produces one without the other fails to make a reasonable approximation to fidelity.



A FLANK MOVEMENT.



Keroble.
May. 96





IS CHRISTIANITY A COMMODITY?

SOME years ago—between ten and fifteen—one Salmi Morse, a religious enthusiast with commercial instincts, roused all Christian New York, including the daily press, the grand jury, and the Tammany police force, by his efforts to produce a play founded on the tragedy of the death of Christ. He spent considerable money, but his sacrilegious enterprise was nipped in the bud. He claimed, and his claim was not controverted, that the entertainment was to be conducted in a thoroughly respectful and even devotional spirit. The idea was too much for the New York of those days. That things sacred should be represented on the secular stage was a proceeding not to be tolerated.

But we have changed all that. Mr. Charles Frohman, a theatrical manager who can hardly be accused of Christian enthusiasm, produces without a particle of opposition a play in which Christianity on the stage is the leading motive, and the one which is very apparently calculated upon to attract public interest.

Concerning the legality of the production there can be no doubt, any more than there was in the case of poor old Morse's attempt. His was legal enough, but the officers of the law strained a point in deference to public sentiment; at any rate, he was frightened off. Either times have changed, or Mr. Frohman's personality is so imposing that both public sentiment and the majesty of the law defer to him in a production which trades very largely on the sensibilities of Christians.

To avoid actual offense to the religious element of this and other equally or more Christian communities—if there exists a more Christian community than New York—the religious features of the piece are more imitative and suggestive than exact. The music is an imitation of Church music, the exhortation is an imitation of the Sermon on the Mount, and the young lady martyr is, in appearance and speech, a very high-flavored imitation indeed of the pure and spotless virgins who hid in the catacombs and were afterwards butchered in the arena to make Roman holidays. But it must be remembered that Mr. Charles Frohman's name is starred on the programme, and, therefore, we must not expect too much artistic exactness in matters Christian.

Taken as a dramatic and spectacular work, "The Sign of the Cross" is interesting. The sombreness of the Christian

side is relieved by the gorgeous voluptuousness of pagan Rome, with its undercurrent of savagery and cruelty. The picture of woman, when the sex was at its acme of power and lowest depth of morals, would form a magnificent background to the Christian woman, were the latter better drawn by the dramatist and less Frohmanesque in her present depiction.

It would have been too conventional, perhaps, to have made *Mercia*, the Christian maiden, a blue-eyed blonde of the angelic type, but even that would have been better than to have had her of the stage, stagey, as Miss Lillah McCarthy makes her. The make-up box is far more apparent in this young lady's face than any look of Christian simplicity or fortitude. It is a difficult part, but a strong one if properly cast, and one on which the artistic success of the piece largely depends.

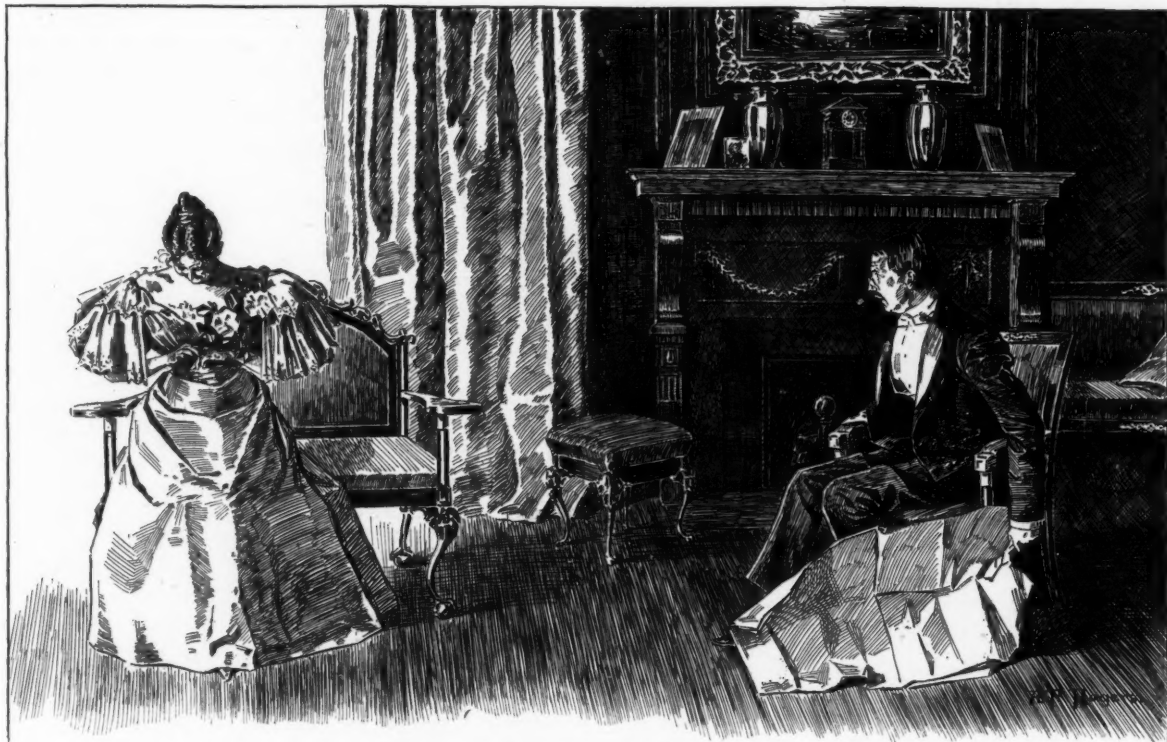
The *Marcus Superbus* of Mr. Charles Dalton is excellent. In appearance, voice, carriage, and conception of the part, he is all that could be desired. His lines are delivered in a way that carry absolute conviction, and yet is free from the tricks of the elocutionist. Our stage could stand several Daltons, and not groan with the burden.

The mounting of the play is handsome, and the accessories, especially the music, excellent. Altogether the piece is extremely interesting, although rather serious for a community which, like this, wishes only to be amused.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has made a success of his play in London, where the power of religious sentiment makes itself strongly felt, so it ought to prosper here, where we are more tolerant in some ways. The success of the piece makes the Christian religion as available for dramatic material as the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or the dead religion of the Scandinavian races. "The Sign of the Cross" is quite as religious and far more interesting than the Sunday-school panoramas of our youth, and we have no doubt that Mr. Frohman will send it out among the rural parishes and Sabbath schools when we shall have finished with it here.

Metcalf.





OUR DAUGHTERS IN POLITICS.

"PAPA, MR. WESTERN PROPOSED LAST NIGHT."

"GREAT SCOTT, MOLLY! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT YOUNG RASCAL? WHY, HE'S A FREE SILVER MAN."

"YES, I KNOW IT. BUT I MADE HIM PUT A GOLD CLAUSE IN BEFORE I ACCEPTED HIM."

THE FIRST STEP.

"I WISH you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a disreputable profession. How did you begin?"

"Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the descent was easy."

IT'S pretty hard to admire a man who has succeeded where we have failed.

THE public mind, being relieved for the present of political anxieties, would gladly be still further eased by some assurance as to the intentions of the lady in the bath-tub. The extreme prevalence of her portrait in the soap and lotion romances in the rear end of all the magazines has carried her into every American home, and made her the intimate acquaintance of every family. Opinion is a good deal divided about her. There are those who think we cannot see too much of her, and again there are those who think that we already see more of her than we should. The latter faction declares that we see a little more of her every month (which is true), that she is now higher up in the world by a head and shoulders than she should be, and that families ought to have some reliable assurance as to her intentions. LIFE takes pleasure in calling the attention of the friends of the lady to this reasonable desire. Perhaps a substantial bathing suit would serve as well as anything to allay distrust and make worrying people comfortable.





"AN ACTRESS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO APPEAR IN?"
"TIGHTS."

LATELY the Cause of American Education was holding its breath, for fear that Uncle Sam would gobble up the Stanford estate and Stanford University would lose its endowment. Now, not only is Stanford's endowment assured and confirmed, but there is a tale that the University of California is to be enriched to the extent of four millions by a number of donors, chief among whom is the widow of Senator Hearst. California is in no present danger of being over-educated, so this is good news; but since in the East the name of Hearst naturally suggests competition, there is a natural expectation of news that Stanford has seen this raise and will furnish education on a one cent basis until further notice. It is proper to state that this expectation is not well-founded and will not be realized.

WHAT IT IS.

JUST a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a freezing atmosphere,
Then it's warm again.

Just a little hacking cough,
With us for a day;
Just bronchitis, tonsillitis,
Or pneumonia.

Just a little maiden,
Just a word or two,
Just a case of married life—

That's the thing to do.

Just a score of hungry mouths,
Open night and day;
Just a hustle, brain and muscle,
Countless bills to pay.

Just a few friends here and there,
As things ebb and flow,
Just a little lingering,
As we see them go.

Just a little laughter,
Just a little song;
Just a tired feeling,
Lasting all life long.

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain;
Just a sojourn here awhile,
Then we're off again.
Tom Masson.

WHY NOT?

"DO you suppose," thundered the irate father, "that I am going to give my consent to the first marriage who asks my daughter to marry him?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," replied the suitor. "She did."

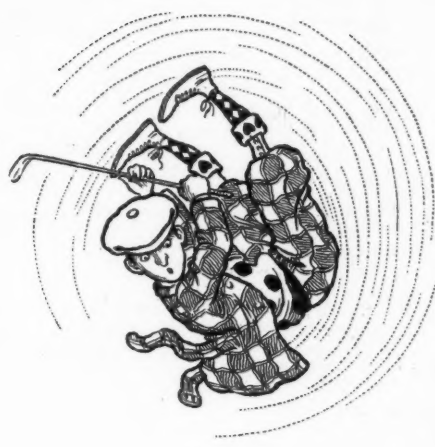
SIGNS.

CLARA: Sadie must have been talking about me.

MAUDE: Why so?

"When I met her she kissed me twice."

A SHOWY PLAYER.



THIS little story from the *Paris Figaro* seems too good for the readers of LIFE to miss, so we give it in the original:

CONFRATERNITÉ
OU

LE VOLEUR ET LE GENDARME À BICYCLETTE.

LE GENDARME (monté sur sa bicyclette, il pédale avec rage à la poursuite d'un voleur qui, à bicyclette lui-même, s'enfuit sur la route; les deux bicyclistes sont près l'un de l'autre; l'acharnement redouble des deux parts).—Je crois que je te tiens! (Dans un emballement suprême, il fait "du quarante" et va touche presque l'adversaire.)

LE VOLEUR, pédalant, courbé sur sa machine.—Pas encore!

LE GENDARME.—On va voir...

LE VOLEUR.—Vois! (Un coup de pédale d'une vigueur inouïe le pousse à dix mètres du gendarme.)

LE GENDARME.—Le b... m'échappe! (Il perd du terrain.)

LE VOLEUR.—Ah! ah!

LE GENDARME, haletant.—Tu dois développer plus que moi...sans ça je te rattraperais...

LE VOLEUR, laconique.—Peut-être.

LE GENDARME.—Sûr... Qu'est-ce que tu développes?

LE VOLEUR.—Cinq quatre-vingts.

LE GENDARME.—Moi, cinq à peine... Tu n'as pas de mérite. (Il perd du terrain de plus en plus.)

LE VOLEUR.—Tu as tort de parler à bicyclette. Mauvais...

LE GENDARME.—Ah! si je développais cinq quatre-vingts comme toi... tu n'en mènerais pas large... (Apercevant le voleur qui ralentit brusquement.) Qu'est-ce qui t'arrive?... (Il se hâte.)

LE VOLEUR.—Flambé! Mon pneu vient de crever... (Il est forcé de s'arrêter.)

LE GENDARME.—Tu es pris, mon vieux. (Il lui met la main au collet.)

LE VOLEUR, digne.—On n'appelle pas cela prendre quelqu'un. Si mon pneu ne s'était pas crevé, tu ne m'aurais jamais attrapé. (Avec un certain mépris.) Moi, je rougirais d'arrêter quelqu'un dans ces conditions-là. Ce n'est pas chic.

LE GENDARME, touché dans son amour-propre de bicycliste.—Tu as raison. Je vais t'aider à regonfler ton pneu et on recommencera. La loyauté avant tout.

LE VOLEUR, ému.—Vous avez vraiment une âme de bicycliste!... (Il lui serre la main. Puis le gendarme et le voleur, tout en causant records, réparent la machine. Après quoi, la course continue loyalement...)

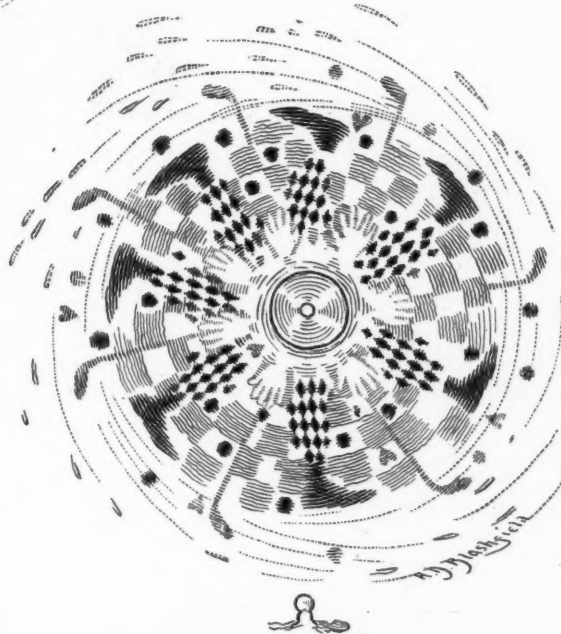
ALFRED CAPUS, in *Le Figaro*.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"THOU shalt not steal,"
Smith, banker, said
In Sunday school,
And shook his head
Before his class.

Next day, aboard
A Pullman car,
Proud as a lord,
He rode afar
On Jones's pass.

H. L. Preston.



A SERIOUS MATTER.

IT appears that:

Professor Martens, director of the institute for the examination of paper at Charlottenburg, made a scientific examination of the paper used in about ninety-seven modern reviews, and of these ninety-seven only six were found that could be guaranteed to last for a long period; the greater part would certainly decay during the first century of their existence.

This is indeed serious. We had hoped that most of the stuff printed in America would decay more rapidly. If the material on which certain New York dailies are printed could decay before it reached the hands of the purchaser it would be a splendid thing for the community. Possibly the filth of the subject matter of the *New York World*, for instance, is too offensive for the destroying bacilli, which, after all, may have a sense of smell.



CONSOLATION.

'Tain' no matter what yoh does,
Ner to whah yoh strays,
T'ings'll make yer wish dey wuz
Dif'unt, lots o' ways.
When I's done de bes' I can,
Weary ez kin be,
Wisht I was some yuther man,
'Stid o' being me.
But, when mawnin' fin's me strong,
Ready foh de day,
Strikes me dat I may be wrong,
Pinin' dat-away.
Ef folks changed aroun' so free,
Comfort might be slim;
P'raps I'd wish dat I wuz me,
'Stid o' bein' him.

—Washington Star.

A LADY recently took into her service a Chinaman, and began to Christianize him. Shortly afterward some silver spoons were missing. Then she taught him the Apostles' Creed, and it was discovered that a valuable piece of plate had been stolen. His benefactress, loath to suspect her new convert, started in to teach him the Ten Commandments. By the time he was able to repeat the First Commandment, the scamp stole her watch. Then the philanthropic lady's son rebelled. "Mother," he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake don't teach that pig-tailed scalawag any more, or by the time you've

got him to the Tenth Commandment he will have stolen the house and taken the cellar along with it."—Argonaut.

In preaching funeral sermons clergymen often have a hard course to steer, but here is an instance where it was all plain sailing:

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Looke here, elder, I want to make a request of you, an' it is this: I want you to promise me you'll preach my funeral sermon, if you outlive me."

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, I'll do it; and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A WHOLESALE house in New York started a drummer on the road, giving him a hundred dollars for traveling expenses. A week passed, and nothing was heard from Mr. Traveler. Still another week passed, and still no word from Mr. Traveler. Finally the house wired him as follows:

"Nothing from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

An immediate answer came:

"Yours of this date received. Have made a draft on you for \$200. Am still with you."—Texas Sifter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON
Soldier Stories. By Rudyard Kipling.
Gutter Snipes. By Phil May.

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.
In Buncombe County. By Maria Louise Pool.
A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison.

COPELAND AND DAY, BOSTON.
Songs of Exile. By Herbert Bates.
An Outland Journey. By Walter Leon Sawyer.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Tales From a Mother-of-Pearl Casket. By Anna France. Translated by Henri Pene DuBois.
Andria. By Percy White.

The Epistolary Flirt. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago: Way and Williams.

Cake, Decorations and Desserts. By Charles H. King. Philadelphia: Arnold and Company.

PALACE-CAR PORTER: Kin I brush de dust out yer clothes, boss?

TRAVELER: There's no dust in my clothes, Sam.

"Well, yer doesn't look like yer was dead brose boss."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I INTEND to preach a sermon upon football on Sabbath," said the tall caller in the white choker; "and I shall be pleased to furnish you the manuscript if you have any wish to use it. I know a number of your readers would be glad to see it in print." "All right," said the busy editor; "you will have to get it here early though. Our sporting page is the first to close."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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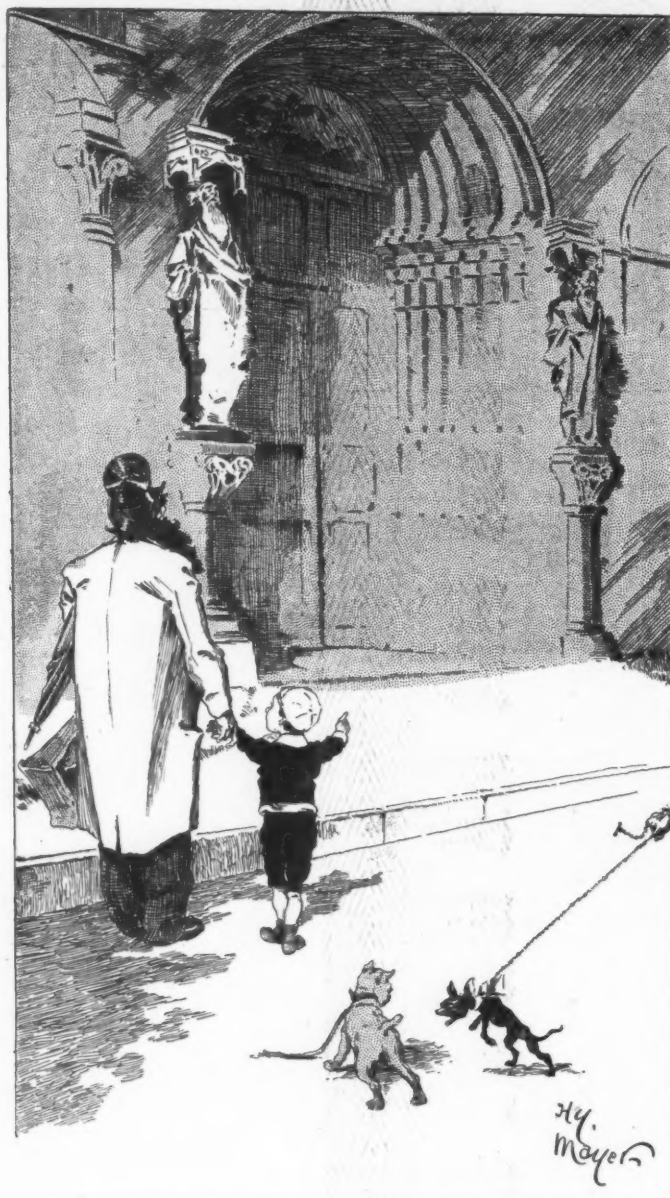


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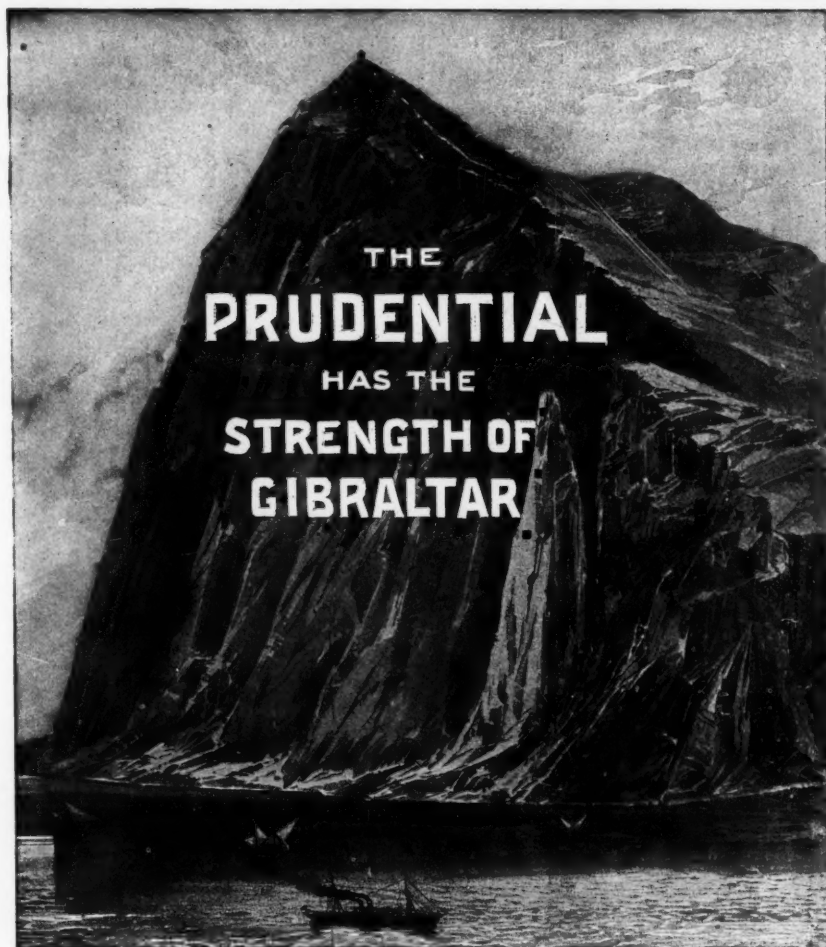
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